

Adventure



A Romance of
The South Seas

BY
JACK LONDON

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PROLOGUE.

In this remarkable romance of the south seas Jack London has rivaled the best efforts of Robert Louis Stevenson in the same field. Interest is aroused at once and becomes cumulative as Sheldon, the plucky owner of Berande plantation, though sick and weak, dominates 200 head hunting Solomon islanders by sheer grit and fear inspiring weapons; as Joan Lackland takes and holds her place beside him while he sears upon dark souls "the flaming mastery of the white man"; as this man and woman, thrown together under most unconventional circumstances, work and fight side by side in their strange partnership. Their thrilling adventures among savage people recall the lines:

"We are those fools who could not rest

In the dull earth we left behind,
But burned with passion for the west

And drank strange frenzy from its wind.

The world where wise men live at ease

Fades from our unregretful eyes,
And blind across uncharted seas

We venture on our enterprise."

— "The Ship of Fools."

CHAPTER I.

SOMETHING TO BE DONE.

He was a very sick white man. He rode pickaback on a woolly headed, black skinned savage the job of whose ears had been pierced and stretched until one had torn out, while the other carried a circular block of carved wood three inches in diameter. The torn ear had been pierced again, but this time not so ambitiously, for the whole accommodated no more than a short clay pipe. The man whose face was greasy and dirty and naked save for an exceedingly narrow and dirty loin cloth, but the white man clung to him closely and desperately. At times from weakness his head drooped and rested on the woolly pate. At other times he lifted his head and stared with swimming eyes at the coconut palms that reeled and swung in the shimmering heat. He was clad in a thin under-shirt and a strip of cotton cloth that wrapped about his waist and descended to his knees. On his head was a battered Stetson, known to the trade as a "Baden-Powell." About his middle was strapped a belt, which carried a large calibered automatic pistol and several spare clips, loaded and ready for quick work.

The rear was brought up by a black boy of fourteen or fifteen, who carried medicine bottles, a pall of hot water, and various other hospital appurtenances. They passed out of the compound through a small wicket gate, and went on under the blazing sun, winding about among new planted coconuts that threw no shade. There was not a breath of wind, and the superheated, stagnant air was heavy with pestilence. From the direction they were going arose a wild clamor, as of lost souls wailing and of men in torment. A long, low shed showed ahead, grass walled and grass thatched, and it was from here that the noise proceeded. There were shrieks and screams, some unmistakably of grief, others unmistakably of unendurable pain. As the white man drew closer he could hear a low and continuous moaning and groaning. He shuddered at the thought of entering, and for a moment was quite certain that he was going to faint. For that most dreaded of Solomon island scourges, dysentery, had struck Berande plantation, and he was all alone to cope with it. Also, he was afflicted himself.

By stooping close, still on man-back.

Society Women Remove Bad Complexion by Old-fashioned Method.

The average woman is now quite universally following the example of a few clever society women who discovered that the old-fashioned, pure coaleated balsam would renew their complexions in a most surprising manner. When applied at night, after a thorough cleansing of the skin, the deadened and discolored particles of the outer skin drop off and with it all such blemishes as pimples, sallowness, liver spots, freckles, etc., freeing the fresh, healthy cuticle beneath—and behold! a natural and lovely skin is the result. Get an ounce and a half of pure coaleated balsam of your druggist and use it as suggested. There is nothing you possess that will inspire the admiration of others and confidence in yourself more than the knowledge that your skin is faultless and lovely.—Physical Century Magazine.



"I KNOCK SEVEN BELLS OUT OF YOU, TOO MUCH, QUICK!"

he would be able to complete the round. But he did know, in large degree of certainty, that if he ever faints there in the midst of the blacks those who were able would be at his throat like ravenous wolves.

Part way down the line a man was dying. He gave orders for his removal as soon as he had breathed his last. A black struck his head inside the shed door, saying:

"Four fella sick too much."

Fresh cases, still able to walk, they clustered about the spokesman. The white man singled out the weakest and put him in the place just vacated by the corpse. Also he indicated the next weakest, telling him to wait for a place until the next man died. Then, ordering one of the well men to take a squad from the field force and build a lean-to addition to the hospital, he continued along the runway, administering medicine and cracking jokes in beche-de-mer English to cheer the suf-

ferers. Now and again from the far end a weird wail was raised. When he arrived there he found the noise was emitted by a boy who was not sick. The white man's wrath was immediate.

"What name you sing out all time?" he demanded.

"Him fella my brother belong you die too much," was the answer. "Him fella die too much."

"You sing out, him fella brother belong you die too much," the white man went on in threatening tones. "I cross too much along you. What name you sing out, eh? You fatted make um brother belong you die close up too much. You fella finish sing out, save you? You fella no finish sing out I make finish quick."

He threatened the wailing with his fist, and the black covered down, glaring at him with sullen eyes.

"Sing out no good little bit," the white man went on, more gently. "You no sing out, you chase um fella fly. Too much strong fella fly. You catch water, washee brother belong you, washee plenty too much, bime bye brother belong you all right."

"Jump!" he shouted fiercely at the end, his will penetrating the low intelligence of the black with dynamic force that made him jump to the task of brushing the loathsome swarms of flies away.

Again he rode out into the reeking heat. He clutched the black's neck tightly and drew a long breath; but the dead air seemed to strangle his lungs, and he dropped his head and dozed till the house was reached. Every effort of will was torture, yet he was called upon continually to make efforts of will. He gave the black he had ridden a nip of trade gin. Viaburi, the house boy, brought him corrosive sublimate and water, and he took a thorough antiseptic wash. He doled himself with chlorodyne, took his own pulse, smoked a thermometer, and lay back on the couch with a suppressed groan. It was mid-afternoon, and he had completed his third round that day. He called the house boy.

"Take um big fella look along Jesse," he commanded.

The boy carried the long telescope out on the veranda and searched the sea.

"One fella schooner long way little bit," he announced. "One fella Jesse."

The white man gave a little gasp of delight.

"You make um Jesse, five sticks tobacco along you," he said.

There was silence for a time, during which he waited with eager impatience.

"Maybe Jesse, maybe other fella schooner," came the faltering admission.

One muttered deep in his chest as he took the corpse by the feet. The white man exploded in speech and action. It cost him a painful effort, but his arm shot out, landing a back hand blow on the black's mouth.

"What name you, Angura?" he shouted.

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"Swine!" the white man grunted out through his teeth at the whole breed of Solomon islanders.

He was very sick, this white man, as sick as the black men who lay helpless about him and whom he attended. He never knew each time he entered the festering shambles whether or not

he managed to pass through the low doorway. He took a small bottle from his follower and sniffed strong ammonia to clear his senses for the ordeal. Then he shouted "Shut up!" and the clamor stilled. A raised platform of forest slabs, six feet wide with a slight pitch, extended the full length of the shed. Alongside of it was a yard wide runway. Stretched on the platform, side by side and crowded close, lay a score of blacks. That they were low in the order of human life was apparent at a glance. They were mannequins. Their faces were asymmetrical, bestial; their bodies were ugly and apelike. They wore nose rings of clam shell and turtle shell, and from the ends of their noses, which were also pierced, projected horns of beads strung on stiff wire. Their ears were pierced and distended to accommodate wooden plugs and sticks, pipes, and all manner of barbaric ornaments. Their faces and bodies were tattooed or scarred in hideous designs. In their sickness they wore no clothing, not even loin cloths, though they retained their shell armlets, their head necklaces and their leather belts, between which and the skin were thrust naked knives. The bodies of many were covered with horrible sores. Swarms of flies rose and settled, or flew back and forth in clouds.

The white man went down the line, dosing each man with medicine. To some he gave chlorodyne. He was forced to concentrate with all his will in order to remember which of them could stand hepcemapha and which of them were constitutionally unable to retain that powerful drug. One who lay dead he ordered to be carried out. He spoke in the sharp, peremptory manner of a man who would take no nonsense, and the well men who obeyed his orders scowled malignantly. One muttered deep in his chest as he took the corpse by the feet. The white man exploded in speech and action. It cost him a painful effort, but his arm shot out, landing a back hand blow on the black's mouth.

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ferers. Now and again from the far end a weird wail was raised. When he arrived there he found the noise was emitted by a boy who was not sick. The white man's wrath was immediate.

Viaburi brought two lighted lanterns to the white man for inspection. He glanced at them and saw that they were burning brightly with clear, broad flames, and nodded his head. One was hoisted up to the gaff of the flagstaff, and the other was placed on the wide veranda. They were the leading lights to the Berande anchorage, and every night in the year they were so inspected and hung out.

He rolled back on his couch with a sigh of relief. The day's work was done. A rifle lay on the couch beside him. His revolver was within reach of his hand. An hour passed, during which he did not move. He lay in a state of half slumber, half coma. He became suddenly alert. A creak on the back veranda was the cause. The room was L shaped; the corner in which stood his couch was dim, but the hanging lamp in the main part of the room, over the billiard table and just around the corner so that it did not shine on him, was burning brightly. Likewise the verandas were well lighted. He waited without movement. The creaks were repeated, and he knew several men lurked outside.

"What name?" he cried sharply.

The house, raised a dozen feet above the ground, shook on its pile foundations to the rush of retreating footsteps.

"They're getting bold," he muttered.

"Something will have to be done."

The full moon rose over Malaita and shone down on Berande. Nothing stirred in the windless air. From the hospital still proceeded the moaning of the sick. In the grass thatched barracks nearly two hundred woolly headed men caters slept off the weariness of the day's toil, though several lifted their heads to listen to the curses of one who cursed the white man who never slept. On the four verandas of the house the lanterns burned. Inside, between rifle and revolver, the man himself moaned and tossed in intervals of troubled sleep.

(To be Continued.)

His Special Brand.

"Speaking of zeolites," said a college professor, "there was an eminent Scotch scientist whose especial delight—mania, in fact—was insects and bugs. There once visited this Scottish professor a young scientist. The visitor remained overnight, and in the morning his host said to him:

"And how did ye sleep the night?"

"Not very well," the visitor answered. "It was the strange bed, perhaps, but I must confess—"

"Ah," said the professor encouragingly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, professor, I was," the visitor admitted.

"Just think of that!" cried the professor. "Bitten, was ye? Noo, man, can ye say it was anything at all noteworthy that bit ye?"

"Fleas, I think," said the other.

"But such fleas for biting I never met in my life before."

"I should think so, indeed," said the professor in great glee. "They're Scottish fleas, I imported them myself."

An Acorn Split a Boulder.

At El Portal, near the entrance to the Yosemite National park, in California, is a remarkable example of the wonderful strength of the roots of a growing tree. A live oak in some manner started its growth years ago in a small crevice in the upper side of a large sandstone rock, where possibly a little soil had lodged, and the tender sprig grew into a sapling. Now, after years of growth, it is a tree of considerable size, and the roots, pushing down through the sandstone boulder, have caused the mass to split apart. The tree is still growing, and the roots are gradually pushing the fragments of the immense rock farther and farther apart each year. Roots of forest trees have been known to lift great ledges of rock, splitting them off from the main vein. Shade trees in cities have been known to lift sidewalks, paved streets and heavy, deep set curbstones, and in a few cases roots have found their way into cellars and moved the foundations of dwellings.—Harper's Weekly.

Farming for Prisoners.

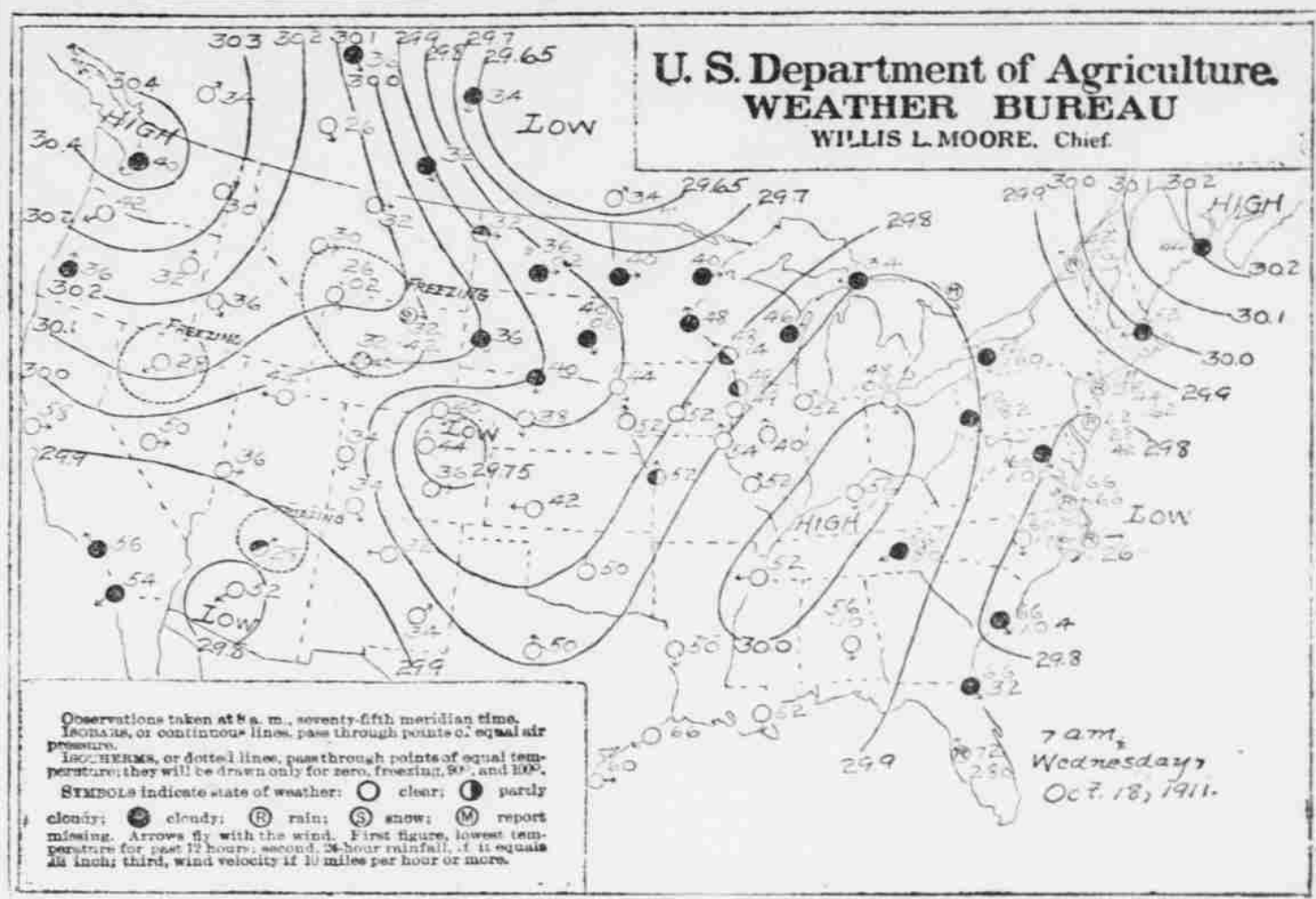
Omaha, Neb., Oct. 18.—Reports of special committees and a meeting of chaplains occupied the first session of the Prison Association congress today. L. A. Halbert of Kansas City, in an address, believed in farming for prisoners.

Perfect Shoulders, Neck and Arms Count Much for Beauty.

(Theatrical Bulletin.) Some women remind us of the ostrich who covers up his head nicely in the sand and then imagines that the rest of his anatomy is invisible. A woman's neck, arms and shoulders are quite as important as her face and the wise woman of today devotes quite as much care to making and keeping them beautiful and attractive.

The most simple and effective method of keeping the flesh taut and free from wrinkles, hollows, sagging flesh, double chin, "crow's feet," enlarged pores, etc., is to apply old-fashioned thermized jelly. Then bathe briskly with cold water. Your skin will instantly feel different—taut and refreshed. More than that, you will very quickly see that wrinkles, enlarged pores or your double chin will disappear as if by magic under this treatment. Occasional use of the thermized jelly will keep your face in fine, firm condition.

Daily United States Weather Map



FORECAST FOR ROCK ISLAND, DAVENPORT, MOLINE AND VICINITY.
Increasing cloudiness with probably showers tonight or Thursday, cooler Thursday.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

The storm shown yesterday over the lake region has advanced to the middle and south Atlantic coasts, causing rains in the territory from New England and the lower lakes southward to Florida. Precipitation in the northern Rocky mountain states and the upper Missouri valley has also resulted from another low which extends from Saskatchewan and Manitoba to Texas. The following heavy rains are reported, in inches: Tampa, 2.80; Pittsburgh, 1.82; Raleigh, 1.78; Buffalo, 1.50. The eastward movement of the western barometric depression and the approach of an area of high pressure and lower temperature which is central on the north Pacific coast will be attended by increasing cloudiness in this vicinity, with probably rain tonight or Thursday, and cooler Thursday.

OBSERVATIONS.

	High	Low	Precip.
	last 24 hrs.	trdy.	night.
Atlantic City	62	62	.00
Boston	54	52	.00